

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

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Molly Bloom's Breakout

by Jami Mills

The Perfect 10

According to Art Blue

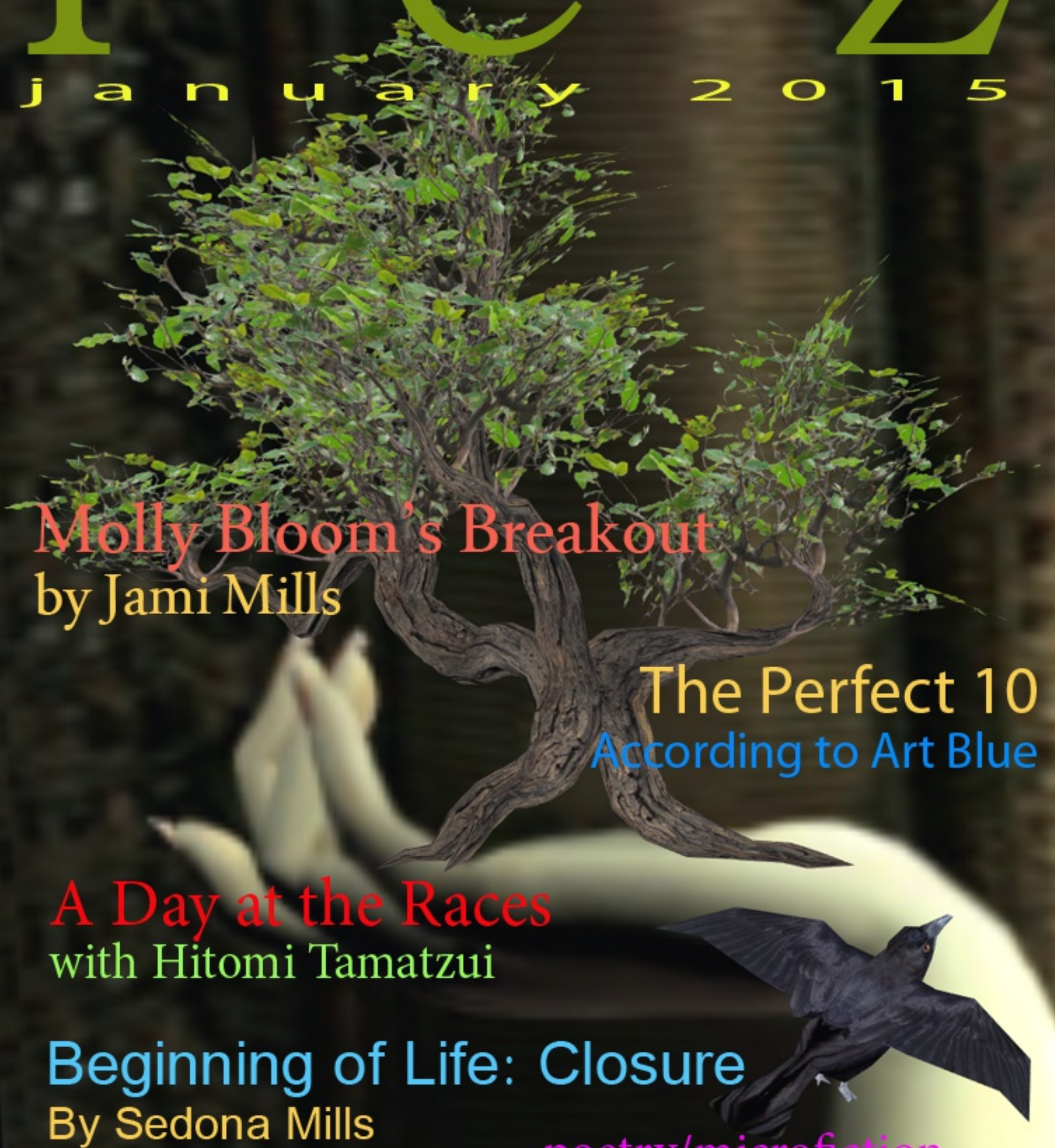
A Day at the Races

with Hitomi Tamatzui

Beginning of Life: Closure

By Sedona Mills

poetry/microfiction



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read *rez* Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

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- **A Day at the Races** If you've ever wondered about horse racing in the virtual world, Hitomi Tamatzui explains it all, taking us from breeding, to paddocks, to the exciting races themselves.
- **2115: The Perfect 10 in Elysion (Part One)** Art Blue finds his Perfect 10 at the finely crafted sim, Elysion. The only trouble is, it's 100 years into the future. Now what?
- **Awareness** Crap Mariner takes on awareness ribbons for a variety of worthy causes, but finds one that he might regret.
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About the Cover: Jami Mills gets a tight shot of one of Molly Bloom's most compelling pieces, *Back to the Garden*. Her unique and always entertaining show runs at The Rose Gallery through the end of January. You won't want to miss it.



Awareness

by Crap Mariner

Remember when people wore yellow ribbon pins to raise awareness of AIDS?

Then came ribbon pins of other colors for other causes.

Red for this.

Green for that.

White for some other thing.

I don't remember all the colors and their meanings.

So, I stopped wearing any ribbon pins.

"Don't you care anymore?" people would scream at me.

"It's bullshit," I said.

So, they gave me a hemp ribbon for Bullshit Awareness.

Well, not as much a ribbon, as a rope.

A hangman's noose.

And they put it around my neck.

The other end just went over a tree branch.



MAYFAIR

an IDLE ROGUE Production

The Stories Of The Mayfair Witches





- Performances -

Wednesday January 21 - 7pm

Thursday January 22 - 7pm

Friday January 23 - 7pm

Saturday January 24 - 2pm

Saturday January 24 - 7pm

Sunday January 25 - 5pm

at Idle Rogue

Toward the end of 2014, virtual art patron and archivist Art Blue conceived of a way to bring immersive art, which had theretofore largely been the province of virtual worlds, into the flesh and blood world. He convinced renowned immersive artist Bryn Oh to feature 12 photographs of her award-winning works in a calendar. He enlisted the aid of photographer Ziki Questi and graphic designer and photographer Jami Mills to bring Bryn's work to life, and persuaded a non-profit art trust in Germany to 100 of these stunning calendars. Art sent them to institutions and museums around the world as an example of the beauty and relevance of virtual art in today's world.

So that our readers may also enjoy and appreciate this unprecedented undertaking, *rez Magazine* will be publishing a page from this calendar in each issue during 2015, and Jami will be offering a brief insight into Bryn's work and the process of bringing it into the "real" world.

Bryn Oh 2015 Immersive Art



“Along with many of our readers, I’ve thoroughly enjoyed wandering through Bryn’s installations, experiencing a surprisingly wide range of emotions: enchantment, amazement, laughter, sadness and even fright. Never has Bryn more successfully elicited such feelings than in her recent work, *The Singularity of Kumiko*. For this reason, I thought it only fitting that the calendar begin in January with an introductory scene from this remarkable piece, which I think captures the essence of her artistry. “What’s going on here?” we ask ourselves. We’re thrilled as Bryn challenges us to sort things out, and in so doing, we discover certain truths about her characters and, ultimately, about ourselves.”

january




The Singularity of Kumiko

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

“Everything is familiar yet somehow indistinct and rearranged. It is almost as though I am being reassured from a distance by forgotten keepsakes.”





molly bloom

Text and

Breakout
The Liberation
of Molly Bloom

Photography by Jami Mills

Like the clever prisoner who, during idle hours, plots her escape from a maximum security prison, Molly Bloom has been contemplating her own breakout for quite a while. This time, however, no one's trying to send her back to her cell. In fact, she's being applauded for her audacity. Oh yes ... and her prodigious talent, too. Bloom isn't escaping from a jail cell, however; she's escaping from the strict confines of two-dimensional art. And good luck to any picture frame that tries to restrain her.

Depth Perception is her innovative new show at Kylie Sabra's The Rose Art Gallery (Angel Manor 119, 147, 29) that opened December 7th and runs through January. As you enter Sabra's hallowed halls (The Rose won the Avie Choice Award for Best Gallery in SL in 2012 and 2013), no 3-D glasses are provided because they're simply not needed in the virtual world. We're already viewing art in three dimensions thanks to the freedom of an immersive environment. So it only seems natural and fitting that artists add a third dimension to their bag of tricks. Even "traditional" artists accustomed to framing their work are experimenting (See paula cloudpainter's clouds spilling into the Whinlatter Galleries, featured in the December 2014 issue of *rez*).

Those of you who are familiar with the



technique and themes of Bloom's work will immediately recognize the hallmarks of her style: classical, even religious, themes (think *Adam and Eve* and *The Abduction of Ganymede*); modern, ironic twists; witty plays on words; and above all, a remarkable



(Dreamworld North 122, 32, 21), which I heartily recommend to everyone.

Bloom is a real life artist who is widely known for her glass work (which has been extensively exhibited in San Francisco galleries), although she is equally comfortable in such media as paint, metal, wood and clay, not to mention mixed media, as well. In *Depth Perception*, Bloom takes us a step outside her comfort zone - - - literally. Each image breaks the 2-D barrier and spills out into the exhibit space itself, freed from the confines of the frame. Make no mistake about it - - Bloom is having a lot of fun. “Why on earth would you come in here and be beige, when you

can be all the colors of

palette. Many of our readers saw her show, *Allegory of the Senses* (an homage to the work of Peter Paul Rubens), at The Rose Art Gallery back in June 2013. Patron of the arts, Josef K, has many of these same pieces on permanent display in his phenomenal collection of virtual art, Galleria dell'Arte

fantasy?” she once asked me. And the colors of fantasy are never more vivid than in her piece *Greeting the Dragon Redux*, where a classically plump woman holds up a candelabrum which examining the huge head of a sumptuously colored dragon's head.



Particularly effective works creating this sense of depth are pieces like *TV Night*, where an elderly couples watches TV with their Basset Hound and a tub of popcorn, but not only does the TV leap out at you, so does the couple's dog and popcorn! In *I'm Just Your Pawn*, chess pieces are strategically placed on a woman's checkerboard body much like pieces of sushi might be served on a half-naked model at a trendy NYC party. The woman nearly falls out of the frame while bishops and knights fly

everywhere. In possibly her most strikingly original piece of the show, *Back to the Garden*, trees sprout from every corner of a nude woman's reclining body, while a small bird flies freely in the gallery space, looking for a convenient perch. You'll also see some of her signature classical images at this show, such as *The Tiny Miracle* and *A Literate Woman*, both sporting babes in arms in a Madonna and Child motif. Bloom explains that studying art history has given her a real appreciation for The Masters.

As Bloom explains in the introductory note card for her exhibit, she doesn't paint her images - - she builds and photographs them. Each scene is either constructed in her studio or she'll sometimes go on location for just the right atmosphere. Then comes the magic - - Bloom folds in made-from-scratch avatars and poses them in custom-made poses. Then, with a deft hand and keen eye for lighting and composition, Bloom photographs each scene in real time when she's satisfied everything is just right. Bloom gives well-deserved credit to the Lumipro lighting system ([http://lumipro.blog-](http://lumipro.blogspot.com/)

[spot.com/](http://lumipro.blogspot.com/)) for making it easier to realize her chiaroscuro lighting effects, using dramatic contrasts of light and dark to accentuate the feeling of depth. Her use of light in this way is particularly effective. As far as post-production is concerned, lots of people might think Bloom has been using a lot of Photoshop layering, and they're be dead wrong. Other than some minor cropping and color enhancement, she uses minimal Photoshop technique.

Last year, Bloom invited me into her studio, where she and Wulf Carlucci were putting the finishing touches on one of her builds. The particular scene







molly bloom



Bloom was working on involved two drunken pigs who had crashed their lime-green convertible. Half-eaten apples, cigarette packs and open containers were floating everywhere in a frozen tableau. I hopped on a pose ball and suddenly there I was in the midst of the chaos and part of the piece. (I have since gotten over the slight of being replaced by a third pig in the final version of the piece.) Or I might just as well have hopped on a pose ball in another scene and been Mary holding baby Jesus in a manger. Snap, and it's done - - another Bloom original.

Kylie Sabra, curator of Bloom's show, explains how she staged it, "I chose a nearly black-out gallery to lend to the sense of the surreal that these works evoke. Each piece is larger than life and hangs as close to the floor a possible inviting you to "step in" to the pieces. The sheer

scope of this exhibition is housed in what are normally four and one-half galleries within The Rose Art Galleries.

Bloom has always had an eye for the absurd and comical, as well a biting, satirical wit, evidenced by several pieces in her show. She's never shied away from commenting on social issues, either. Take *Shotgun Wedding* for example, where a preacher holds the Holy Bible at arm's length (the Good Book looming into the gallery space), presiding over the marriage of a blushing bride, who has trouble concealing a pronounced "baby bump." Her father observes the ceremony with a nearby shotgun and box of cartridges spilling out of the frame. Toying with our sense of perception, *The Electrical Bouquet* is a fanciful rendering of a bouquet of





light bulbs on stems of electrical wire, all plugged in, of course, to an outlet outside the frame. Our favorite *Alice in Wonderland* character, The Queen of Hearts, impatiently plays a game of “52 Card Pickup” in *Throwing in the Cards*, where not only does the Ten of Hearts get tossed, but the bunny too. Wrong place, wrong time.

Does Bloom have a slightly depraved sense of humor (ya think)? I’ll let you decide, but I suggest you consider



Exhibits “A” and “B” - - *Itsy Bitsy Spider* feature a hip-hop dude with his finger on the trigger - - in this case a can of Raid. A frightening tarantula is on the receiving end. No telling how this one turns out. Those with arachnophobia might want to skip this portion of the show. *Parents of the Year* is hilarious, depicting two less than ideal parents comforting their newborn child with horrifically deformed and probably tortured dolls. All in a day’s work for Molly Bloom.

And to help us put it all in perspective (NPI), Molly agreed to join me for a



short interview about her work.

Jami Mills: Molly, thank you for joining us. I know with the staggering number of pieces you have recently created, I've probably interrupted you in your studio. In any case, thank you for taking the time to give our readers some insight into your process. Your work covers such a gamut of themes and styles. I'm guessing that's because you've decided, "Why not really let go?" True?

Molly Bloom: This series was based on an idea of light and shadow with the addition of 3-D elements. Picture context is the happy adventure using this technique. I've done series where there is a basic theme, but by the seventh or eighth piece, I'm ready to stop. The

beauty of this body of work is that I can let my imagination free. Most pictures are an exploration of my own personal statements and mental images, whether they are serious, political, social, sexual or whimsical. In other words, yes, I decided to let my mental images just flow uncensored.

*Jami Mills: You have studied art history and your classical themes are always present, both in *Allegory of the Senses* and *Depth Perception*. What is it that draws you to these classic themes?*

Molly Bloom: For me, it started was when I was 17, visiting the Louvre in Paris, and I wandered into the Dutch art room. I was captive there for hours looking at the artists from the Antwerp

school that pioneered a style that has influenced art to this day. I think the first painting I saw was an Albrecht. I will never forget my heart beating hard in my chest as I looked at examples of chiaroscuro, the effect of light and shadow falling on a subject. I never left those rooms for the rest of my visit. I think it was Giovanni Baglione's *Sacred and Profane Love* that made me start to cry. I felt such joy. I, however, cannot paint in real life, so this yearning to render art in this style has been with me for years now. The classic theme just seems to go hand in hand with this style. Thank goodness for discovering digital art in Second Life.

Jami Mills: One wouldn't expect you to be a particularly religious person in the strict sense, yet you return to images of the Christ child. What is it about this image that so informs your work?

Molly Bloom: The Madonna and Child has been done so much in art history, in so many styles, it would be difficult to entertain a classical theme without putting my own brand on that image. In this series, I chose a baby and an angel, who is not quite the Madonna. In that picture I conjured up my own remembrances of feeding my newborn. In another, I chose two parents that look like they are just out of crack rehab, but obviously enamored of their



new baby. There are all sorts of well-intentioned parents that do not always include a white picket fence.

Jami Mills: You use custom avatars as the subjects in all your works, yet I've never seen any avatars that look remotely like these. Do you create your own skins and shapes, literally designing your subjects from the ground up? If so, where did you pick up this particular talent?

Molly Bloom: There is one avatar that was collaboration between me and Laetitia Vella, who I think is one of the most gifted avatar stylists in Second Life, and is responsible for the shape of my favorite subject avatar. She and I made, using elements we purchased in SL, what we hoped was the perfect classical Rubenesque figure. This one avatar has been recurring in many of my pictures. I wish I had the talent to make these from scratch, but instead I scour Second Life and depend on the mesh avatar and skin makers to give me inspiration. It is amazing how many interesting avatars have been created. Each avatar and skin sits in my inventory until it starts screaming in my ear to be released. I did, however, make the skin for *I'm Just Your Pawn*, which I'm very proud of. Laetitia and I have been conspiring lately, so stay tuned.

Jami Mills: There is a great deal of kinetic energy in your pieces, which is an integral part of your builds and poses.

How do you animate all of that energy in your pieces?

Molly Bloom: I've always wanted my art to transcend the limitations of 2-D representation. This is perhaps why in real life I moved from figurative drawing to 3-D art forms, such as clay, wood and then glass sculpture. Where did this come from? Well, someone asked me this, and it simply popped in my head: The View Master. When I was a young child, my parents gave me this toy. They looked like ocular glasses,



which you held up to the light after inserting a wheel with pictures on it. I had about 10 of these wheels, and the depth of the images and the interactions of the subjects in them were absolutely amazing. My favorite was *Alice in Wonderland*, which was actually sort of scary and dark. When I finished the *Throwing in the Cards* piece, all of a sudden I realized that was exactly where this came from, and in fact, I questioned whether my View Master was truly the biggest influence on my series. A child's toy, come to virtual life.

Also, I was fortunate to work on Christo's *Running Fence* in about 1975, which was a large installation of surreal kinetic work. I'll never forget the sheer energy running along that fence. I thought the man was brilliant.

Jami Mills: Your work is so spontaneous. Do ideas simply pop into your mind and you run with them? How do you conceive of such disparate, eclectic subjects?

Molly Bloom: That is a very good question, for which there is no simple an-





swer. Sometimes it's one single object, like a rake, or a hat, or a bottle, or perhaps it's a flash from a TV show, or a picture where one tiny little element can jolt me. Sometimes it's lying in bed in the morning before I get up. Perhaps someone is telling me a story, and I picture a part of the narrative. Everyone has these flashes of images, some quite concrete, sometimes purely fantasy. What I am fortunate to be able to do is yell "FREEZE", and there it sits waiting for birth. I recently had someone want to dig deep into my picture *Back to the Garden*, a torso with trees and mushrooms on it. I guess I could have said something really deep, but really I wanted to see how small I could shrink trees and stick them on a body!! Sure, I guess I could say that each picture has deep meaning, and in many cases they do to me, but sometimes you just have to say, "Damn. I can make this tree really little. Woohoo!" I cannot write this without giving a callout to my good friend Kaishun Oleander, who totally gets me artistically. She will send me things she found around the Internet and sit back waiting for the light to go off, I suspect grinning evilly on her side of the computer. She knows how to get me twirling like a dervish. She is my perfect Muse.

Jami Mills: Molly, I can't thank you



enough for such a fascinating conversation with one of SL's more original and highly-respected talents. It would be a fool's errand to even try to imagine where you'll be going from here, but I think I speak for all our readers that wherever it is, you'll dazzle, cajole, and make us laugh and think in equal measures, and for that, we're all better off and profoundly grateful.

Please check out Bloom's Flickr page (<http://www.flickr.com/photos/65655745@N02/>) for a more comprehensive collection of her work.

. r — e — z .



A close-up photograph of a hand holding a bouquet of white flowers. The flowers are in sharp focus, showing their delicate petals and green leaves. The background is dark and out of focus, creating a strong contrast with the bright white flowers. The lighting is soft, highlighting the texture of the petals.

photography

jami mills

An aerial photograph of a city grid, likely Sedona, Arizona, showing a network of streets and buildings. A prominent white diagonal line runs from the top left towards the bottom center, possibly representing a road or a boundary. The overall color palette is dominated by shades of blue and cyan.

The Beginning Closure – Part

by Sedona Mills

Chapter Ni

photography by Loree

of Life: Two



ne

en Legion and MyNameIs Legion

“Hello, Harry. Where are you?” came a voice from Harry’s phone. While the voice was distinctly Jerry’s, the slightly mechanical tone seemed to be gone.

“Jerry, I’m outside of the lab at the entrance with Dan. Please provide us with a summary of the situation.”

shrugged and nodded his head. “Is this Jerry? Jerry from the world?”

“In a way it is, Harry. The operating system and I have merged for now. We are one entity.”

“How did you find your way there, Jerry?” Harry questioned further.



“Of course, Harry,” replied Jerry, as she continued, “Oh, and I want to thank you for the gift.”

“The gift?” Harry looked at Dan who

“Stan found me in the world, and upon the initiation of the one-alpha emergency, had me follow him out of that environment and into the overall operating systems environment.”

Harry looked at Dan and replied, "Stan? Who is Stan?"

"Stan Morgan. He is an investigator for the United Nations Bureau of Special Cyber Crimes. He is here with me now."

"Holy shit," replied Dan, as he recognized the name of his old college roommate, the one person Dan felt could out-do his hacking abilities. "Harry, Stan and I go way back. I bet he's after me - - looking to hang me for the Brasilia job."

Upon hearing Dan's voice, Jerry replied over the phone with exuberance, "Is that Dan? Hey, you old broke down bartender. How are you doing?"

Harry looked up from his phone at Dan with a look of exasperation on his face, causing Dan to respond, "Hey, I can't help it if she likes me more than you."

Harry returned his concentration to the phone, cleared his throat and continued. "Jerry, please, summarize the

situation for me."

Immediately, Jerry responded with "Yes, Harry," and a video appeared on his phone. Together, he and Dan



looked at the video showing a slender, professionally dressed woman at Harry's workstation, cussing and pounding on the keyboard in frustration. They saw Rhonda enter the interior door slowly, carrying some bags, then put them down on the floor. Upon Jerry's welcome to Rhonda, the woman at the workstation turned to Rhonda, bearing a pistol. They watched Rhonda initiate the emergency sequence, as she



dove for cover with shots being fired at her. Rhonda then fell to the floor, a pool of blood issuing from her body, spilling over the floor tiles. Then the video stopped.

“Shit, Harry! Rhonda has been shot!” exclaimed Dan.

Harry motioned him to be quiet, and taking a deep breath, asked Jerry over the phone, “Can you identify the woman with the gun?”

“Yes, Harry. The woman is Belinda May. She came with Stan Morgan. She is currently taking refuge on the floor under your primary workstation.”

“Show me,” Harry replied.

A real-time video appeared on Harry’s phone, showing the woman in a semi-fetal position, looking apparently unconscious under the noise and strobe lighting that continued in the lab. Squinting, Harry spoke into his phone, “Jerry, did you fire on the woman?”

“No, Harry,” replied Jerry over the phone. “She obtained cover before I could target her. She is now lying next to the lab server rack, and I cannot gain a clear shot without possibly hitting the rack and damaging it. 1A clearly states as a primary goal the protection of the hardware systems, so I have not fired.”

Harry nodded and said, "Shut down emergency one-alpha protocols. Keep a defensive posture on the woman and return fire if she fires her gun and you have an open shot."

"Acknowledged. Defensive posture set on Belinda May," Jerry replied and followed with, "Life scanners show Belinda is recovering from the effects of one-alpha. I expect her to be fully recovered in less than one minute."

"And what of Rhonda?" Harry asked.

"Life scanners show Rhonda McKnight's heart rate is slowing, breathing is erratic and shallow, consistent with a chest and lung injury. Brain patterns show her to be unconscious, and visual scanners show a significant loss of blood."

A tear formed in Harry's eye as he stared at the phone, watching the video of the woman named Belinda starting to move under the workstation. "Thank you, Jerry."

"Now what?"

Harry looked at the pistol in Dan's hand. "Can you handle that weapon?"

Dan inspected the pistol in more detail, replying, "Well, I can fire it. I'm not sure I can hit anything with it though."

Harry thought for a moment, then sighed. "I think our best shot is to get this Belinda woman out in the open and fire her gun so that Jerry can fire a shot at her."

"A diversion then?" Dan replied.

Harry looked at Dan, nodded and spoke back into the phone. "Jerry, can you find your way to Cyber-World? And can you divorce from the operating system without harm to your program... to yourself?"

"Yes, Harry. Stan says he can guide me there, and I can release the link with this world just as I did with Stan."

Harry looked at Dan once more, both of them showing surprise on their faces about Jerry's revelation concerning her and Stan. Harry cleared his throat. "Jerry, move into Cyber-World as soon as you can, but keep the security system in its existing posture. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Harry. I understand completely. I will have Stan help me gain entry into the Cyber-World portal."

"Good. Now I need you to commence protocol 'nuclear.' Shut down your world immediately. Notify me when this has been accomplished."

"My world, Harry?" Jerry replied with a

tone of despair in the voice.

“Yes, Jerry. I’m sorry, but your old world is no longer needed for you to live. Cyber-World will be your new home. Once you locate the open portal, you have all the knowledge you need to get through the security there and enter that world. Consider it part of your gift.”

After a moment of hesitation, Jerry responded, “Okay, Harry. Commencing “nuclear” now. It should take approximately one minute to complete the shutdown operation.”

“Thank you, Jerry. And good luck,” Harry responded as he looked away from the phone and back at Dan. “Let’s do this. We can move into the foyer. It looks like if we can stay against the left wall we should be out of her line of sight.”

As the shock wore off, Belinda composed herself by taking on a more defensive posture under the workstation. The now quiet lab seemed ominous. With the security systems apparently shut down, her thoughts dwelt on why that might have occurred. Somebody was about to enter the lab. Smiling, she sprung out from under the workstation, pointing her gun at the open doorway leading into the lab.

In what seemed like an eternity, Stan moved from portal to portal, gingerly touching each one with his mind to find the correct path into Cyber-World. Eventually, he touched one portal that felt like fire in his mind; he instinctively backed off.

“Jerry, I found the Cyber-World portal over here.”

Jerry, a bit preoccupied, moved next to Stan and stared at the gateway out.

“The firewall on this thing is massive. It’s going to take me some time to figure out how to break it down so that I can get you through it,” said Stan.

“No need, Stan,” Jerry replied. “I already know how. I just needed your help to find it. I need to do one thing first before I leave this place.”

Jerry then looked back over at the portal she and Stan came from. The portal to her old, yet familiar world. Immediately the simulated door of the portal started to dim, and after a brief period, went out completely, causing the door to disappear.

Tears began to stream from Jerry’s eyes as she realized her home no longer existed. Turning to Stan, she said, “Time for you leave, Stan,” which she followed

up with a small kiss on his lips.

Stan pulled Jerry to him, embracing her fully and kissed her back passionately. Releasing her, he said, “I know of your friends now since we linked. I’ll be contacting them in Cyber-World so they know what has happened here. I’m hoping they can find you, but if not, you know where to find me. Go there and together we’ll find them.”

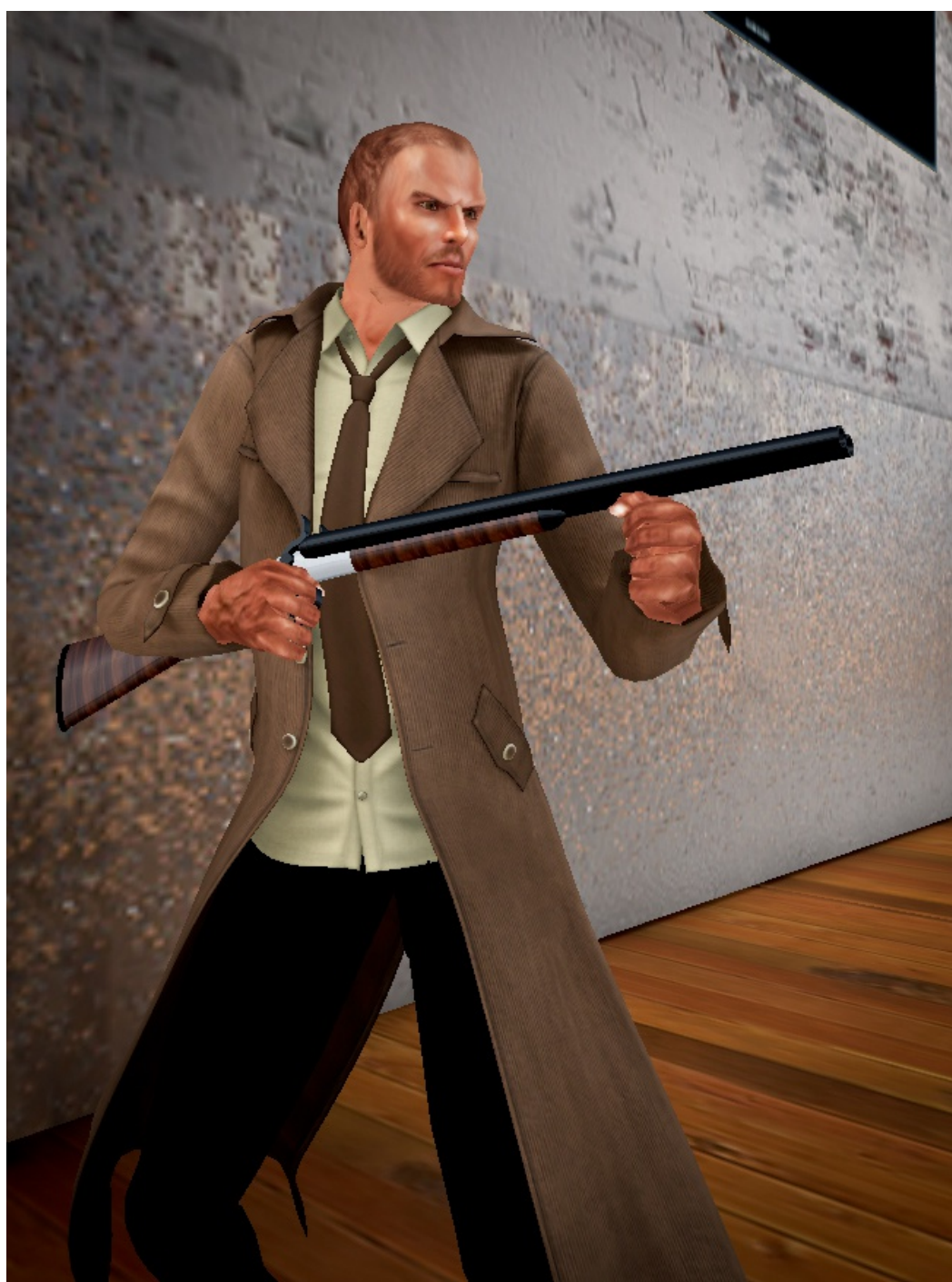
Jerry nodded approval back at Stan and turned to the portal in front of them. Closing her eyes, Jerry reached out and touched the portal. In what appeared to be sparks coming from her fingertips, lashing out at the portal door, Stan saw the portal momentarily brighten, becoming stronger. Then after a few moments it started to dim, weaken and eventually cool to a normal brightness. It showed an energy level corresponding to public access. Jerry put her hands down, said goodbye and kissed Stan on the cheek. Then she stepped through the door.

“My world is shut down, Harry. I’m ready to travel over to Cyber-World. The portal is open,” Jerry informed Harry and Dan over Harry’s phone.

“Good, Jerry,” replied Harry. “We’ll find you in Cyber-World.”

Disconnecting the phone and putting it in his pocket, Harry glanced at Dan, who was staring at a seemingly unconscious Stan lying on the floor next to them. “Ready, Dan? Just like we planned?”

Dan swallowed hard and nodded approvingly. “Just like we planned, Harry.”



Hearing voices in the foyer, but being unable to make out what was being

said, Belinda readied herself by slowing down her breathing. Experience from all of her years of fieldwork took over as she aimed the gun at the door.

Almost immediately, she saw Dan spring from the doorway, his gun firing madly as he stepped into the lab. His bullets hit the workstation and computer next to Belinda. She returned the standard two fire salvo, one to head, one to the body and realized she was a sitting duck in her cubby-hole. Instinctively, she sprung out of the workstation, and seeing that both shots hit their mark, she fired another into Dan, as he fell to the floor, dead.

Right behind Dan, Harry sprang out

and immediately fired a blast from his shotgun, at the same time Belinda recovered her aim and fired another round at Harry. The pellets from the shotgun cartridge caught Belinda in the shoulder, causing her to drop her pistol, the force of it spinning her around and away from the workstation. Immediately the continuous crackle of an automatic weapon was heard, as the security system took action. The bullets peppered Belinda's body, causing her to fall back over the workstation on her back, immediately killed from barrage of lead violating her body.

Harry fell to the floor, now feeling the pain of the bullet that penetrated his neck and the wetness of the blood pro-





his feet, and rushed into the lab. Looking about, he surveyed the scene, and murmured a quiet “Holy shit” as he moved about the lab checking for any sign of life. Finding none, he reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone, dialed a number, and spoke. “Hey, Diane. Put me through to Toby. I’ve got one hell of a situation here.”

EPILOGUE

fusely leaving his body. As his mind started to dim away from consciousness he heard Jerry. “Emergency condition IA is canceled. Defensive posture enacted. All clear.”

As Stan disconnected his mind from the system, he heard gunshots going off in the lab. Hearing Jerry’s voice issue the all clear, he fully awoke, jumped to

Walking through a courtyard, Jerry saw Brandy666, Raj Singh’s avatar and Julio Martinez’s avatar, “VidaDigital,” whom she met just recently, sitting quietly drinking tea and looking nonchalant. She moved to the table and sat down next to the two remaining members of the team that brought her to life. Looking around the world about her, nobody seemed to notice or care about the three of them enjoying a drink together, and having

what seemed to be a pleasant conversation.

“So you contacted SCC-Stan?” Jerry asked them.

“We have, and his story matches up with yours, Jerry. We trust him to help you out,” Brandy said.

“Good. Now can you tell me what that is, gentlemen. What is our next step?”

Vida looked at Brandy and turned to Jerry. “You’re here for a special purpose, Jerry. One that will change both of our worlds. Look around here - you’ve seen how sterile and bland Cyber-World can be. It’s time to change that, and hopefully make our world a better one too.”

Nodding approvingly, Jerry asked, “And how do I go about doing that?”

Brandy handed Jerry a leather bound book with ornate and intricate patterns on the cover.

“How lovely,” exclaimed Jerry. “Am I to read it?”

Brandy and Vito nodded in reply. “It’s time to commence project “Beginning of Life,” Jerry. When you open the book, you’ll learn what all of that means.”



Taking the book and standing up, Jerry moved to kiss both Brandy and Vito on the cheek. “I’ll be in touch,” as she turned and walked away from the pair still sitting at the table.

As Jerry walked through the entry-hall of the virtual offices of the United Nation Bureau of Special Cyber Crimes, she was confronted by a male avatar of striking good looks.



Welcome to the Cyber Crimes Virtual Interface. What can we do to assist you today?”

Jerry, wearing a smart business suit, her hair pulled back into a professional style, put on her best smile and replied with authority, “I’m here to meet with Stan Morgan. I have an appointment.”

The handsome man smiled and said, “I’m sorry but Mr. Morgan isn’t online at the moment. Would you mind if his virtual assistant spoke with you?”

“That would be fine, thank you.”

The receptionist smiled even wider, and provided directions to Stan’s virtual office, where his assistant could converse with Jerry. She thanked him and moved down the hallway to Stan’s office. Taking a deep breath, Jerry knocked on the door and entered the office to see Stan’s virtual assistant, Maggie Mae, sitting there smiling back at her.

“Good morning, Jerry,” Maggie said, her smile remaining as she stood up to shake Jerry’s hand. “I see you have an appointment with Mr. Morgan now. I’m sorry but he is not online. How may I assist you?”

Jerry sat down in a chair across the desk from Maggie, who was now sitting also, and said, “Hello, Maggie. I’m not really here to see Stan. I’m here to see you.”

“Oh?” said Maggie, the smile fading from her face, replaced now with a mild look of confusion.

Jerry nodded, smiled, and reached out to grasp Maggie’s hand in hers. “Yes, Maggie. I’m here to see you. I’m here to bring you a gift.”

• r — e — z •



After Dark Lounge

At Mai Tai

CONTACT: Meegan Danitz
meegan.danitz@gmail.com
Facebook.com/rhispoem

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ay at the Races



i Tamatzui

“**T**here is something unique about the thrill of owning a successful thoroughbred. That thrill can be hard to define, maybe it is partly the majesty of how a thoroughbred can gallop at such speed with so much power and grace, partly the fact that it can be extremely difficult to achieve victory on the racetrack, and partly the glamour and dash associated with the big racing events. Not for nothing is thoroughbred racing called 'the Sport of Kings.' ” John Galvin (<http://www.fortuna-nz.com/the-thrill-of-racing/the-thrill-of-racing-john-galvin/>)

Racing in Second Life can be as much fun as in real life, especially for those in real life who are performance challenged. The ability to score in millions of computer generated multi-player games has become a youthful skill learned early and carried through for many decades.

Racing takes many forms in both real life and Second Life: running; swimming; auto; motorcycle; surfing; airplane, etc. You name it, someone will be racing it. As John Galvin writes, there is something not only about racing, but racing with an animal whose



control and abilities you must manage. Horse racing in Second Life is replete with not only the thrill of the track and the event itself, but the challenge of controlling a horse and your computer as well.

Horse racing in SL can be found at tracks like the Awesome Breed Creations (ABC) (<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/AwesomeBreedcreations/12/86/23>) or Dixieland Downs (<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/DixielandDowns/130/6/28>) racetracks. Each hold weekly races with various events, and at different skill levels. There are privately owned race tracks on private sims for some owners to train.

Madison Fiddlesticks, owner of the Lone Star Ranch, is one of those owners. In RL, she owns a matching team of Percherons, Bob 'n Jerry (or as

Madison calls them, the biggest, one-ton cuddle bunnies you'll ever meet). "I have my personal horse that I rescued ten years back, Baby Bulldawg Blaze, and a Morgan mare named Jewel of Denial." She uses the team to pull a 16-passenger wagon during events and holidays.

At the Lone Star Ranch in SL, there are about 100 horses. She sells a lot of horses. "I give a very personable service

and take good care of my customers, and they come back to me time and time again, as they know I will lead them in the right direction for what their particular goals are, whether it's racing horses or showing them."

The day she was interviewed, Madison was in the process of breeding 50 horses. "The demand is high and you only get a great horse about one out of ten, so you have to breed several in



hopes of getting a great racer,” she said. “I looked for them, one by one, looking for the right stats and traits that are needed for a good racer, like a bun tail and plaited or roached mane.”

Petra Xaris, another owner, said, “In my first year in SL 2012, a friend I made had horses; another brand, though. I swore I'd never have horses in SL or any other breedable that eats. I was very conservative with my spending. And then I saw ABC horses. WOW!!! They looked sooo nice, more like RL horses. I was amazed at how beautiful they were. My friend's boyfriend had a ranch of them, and I'd go to look at them and marvel at them. And then one day he insisted on giving me one, a thoroughbred. Her name was Little Miss Sassy. She would soon be turning into a pet and so I agreed to take her. After the ABC horses are pets they no longer eat.”

In order to race, you need a horse. But not just any horse. Second Life race horses must be tended to, fed, and cared for or they will become sick and eventually die like real life horses. Each horse is 14 prims in size. They are born live and they must be with their moth-



ers for nourishment during their first three days (ages 0-2). At age three (3) they begin to eat on their own.

A race horse life cycle is from 0 to 140 days. Between the age of seven (7) and ninety days, your horses are eligible to race, as long as they haven't bred. Every horse must be given a name which appears on the screen along with its age and gender.

There are three qualities that are monitored: fullness; happiness; and passion. Fullness is the way to track whether it is receiving enough food and water.

Happiness can boost the horse's abilities, and passion is needed for breeding. A race horse will also carry its statistics with them. All information about its qualifications and its parentage are provided by clicking on the horse.

When a race horse reaches the end of its active life span, there are a few options. The horse will still run, and retain the skill traits when they turned 140 days. It can be terminated, by deleting or shooting it, or it can be turned into a permanent pet and one can continue enjoying it. At 141 days, a horse will become a pet that can still be ridden & renamed, but no longer requires food and cannot be bred.

Madison also says, "If I have a horse, then it has a job, either as a racer or as a part of the breeding herd. Bred horses aren't much different than the others; you hold hope that the baby will be a good one. I personally collect the rare ones, but the ponies can be racers, too."

Breeding horses is another alternative to growing a stable for sale or racing and begins with starter horses. Starter horses do not have particular traits. Every time a starter horse breeds, there is a chance of getting whatever is avail-

		Race	Sulky - QL 3	Timer	0:37
		Race #	625-4	Lap	FINISH
		Region	Dixieland		
Place	Gate	Horse	Jockey	Time	
1	1	AwA Diamond Doll	Lanz134 Resident	36.629360	
2	3	Fast N Free~	JadeEast Resident	37.229370	
3	4	Sky Ipos	Isabow Resident	38.741850	
4	9	CJ ~ Tuesdays Gone	Rock Beamish	38.873810	
5	7	LA Diamond Lil	Cavalco Resident	39.363680	
6	10	LS Nero Tercero	MurronMcCloud Reside	39.760800	
7	5	-GS- Pull My Finger	AthenasAlt Resident	39.895360	
8	8	KB Fredric	MontiB Resident	39.895450	
9					
10					

able in the gene pool at that time. After a generation, traits can pass to foals. In order to mate, horses have to have 100% Passion, 75% Hunger or above, and 75% Happy or above for each male and female.

Once mated, they will stay mated until





pregnancy occurs; then their mated bond will break. Females will take three days to recover from birthing, during which time she will be feeding her foal. When a horse's "Full" rating reaches 0%, a Med Kit (which provides a 50% boost to fullness) must be used within 48 hours before death occurs. If this happens, the horses can die from starvation or lifespan of 140 runs out. Resurrection is possible.

The type of feed and nutrition varies for each horse. Madison said, "The food has to be set within range or the horse will get sick and eventually die, so you have to check them daily, just like RL. It is a lot of work and time to do it right, to keep up on the matching

of breeding pairs."

"It's not much work to feed them. Just rez out the feed and the horses eat on their own," Petra adds. "If you want to race them, you need to train them. That takes up more time but not difficult to do."

In general, salt licks are needed for happiness and should always be available to your horses, along with water and feed. The type of feed is dependent on what purpose the horse will fulfill. Hay is used for your horse's basic needs, while alfalfa is used for breeding, to sustain a pregnant or nursing mother, and for training the pull skill.

A horse can receive treats like apples, sugar, or carrots which give a 10% boost in happiness or a passion gel that gives a 10% boost for breeding. A preg booster helps provide a 10% boost to pregnancy and a nursing kit enables a foal to be separated from its mother. Vitamin T provides a boost to a skill while Vitamin R reduces a skill.

Racing a horse requires a vitality score of 100%, in addition to rated particular skill sets that are the specific ability that the horse uses in competition. Each skill is trainable and has its own values. Each skill will be determined by the breed of the horse. The horse's skills increase as the owner trains the horse over time. The owner must choose the trait that he/she wants to train.

The horse's skill will only increase if the owner chooses that skill and trains that specific skill. If the owner neglects or chooses not to train a skill, that skill will fall. Horses have to meet specific training standards and their levels for each race, from a rating of Q2 to Q6, which is the most trained.

Most owners breed for vanity traits only or for skill sets only; a few also breed for an "Elite Horse" which is best of both worlds. Racing a horse must be within the first 90 days of age. Of those 90 days, the first 7 the horse is still



growing. Breeding this horse anywhere between Day 7 and Day 90 prohibits it from racing anymore. The horse must eat feed to build up speed and stamina for the sprint or jump events. Feeding the horse alfalfa is important to train to pull in the sulky events.

You cannot continuously train a horse.



A horse can become tired and will require rest during its cool-down period.

laptop computer with integrated graphics and slow DSL connection. I

The racing events are: Flat Racing (endurance), Thoroughbred, Sulkies, Steeplechase, Sprint Racing, and Draft Pulls. Many owners ride their own horses. An owner may enter a second horse in a race but obviously cannot ride two horses at once. Many hire a jockey to race the horse and often hire a caretaker if the owner is gone on vacation or otherwise out of SL, to take care of the horse including training it.

Petra says, “I am a jockey, I do have my jockey license with ABC, but I have a



get too much lag to race and do well. Once in a while, I will do one of the slower races, like sleds or low-level racing where lag is a bit less. But to be honest, I enjoy watching the races more than being in them myself.”

Jockeys must be licensed in order to run races. This requires passing a jockey’s written and practical examination before issuance of a license by earning at least a score of 80%. Madison explains the difficulty of racing. “There are many stables offering different specialties of horses but there are only a few race tracks. Many people ask for more, but the truth is that it takes a lot of work to put on a night of racing. Most think it’s an easy job, but it’s very complicated, and most of us are grateful to those in the racing authority who give their time to help us enjoy a night of racing.”

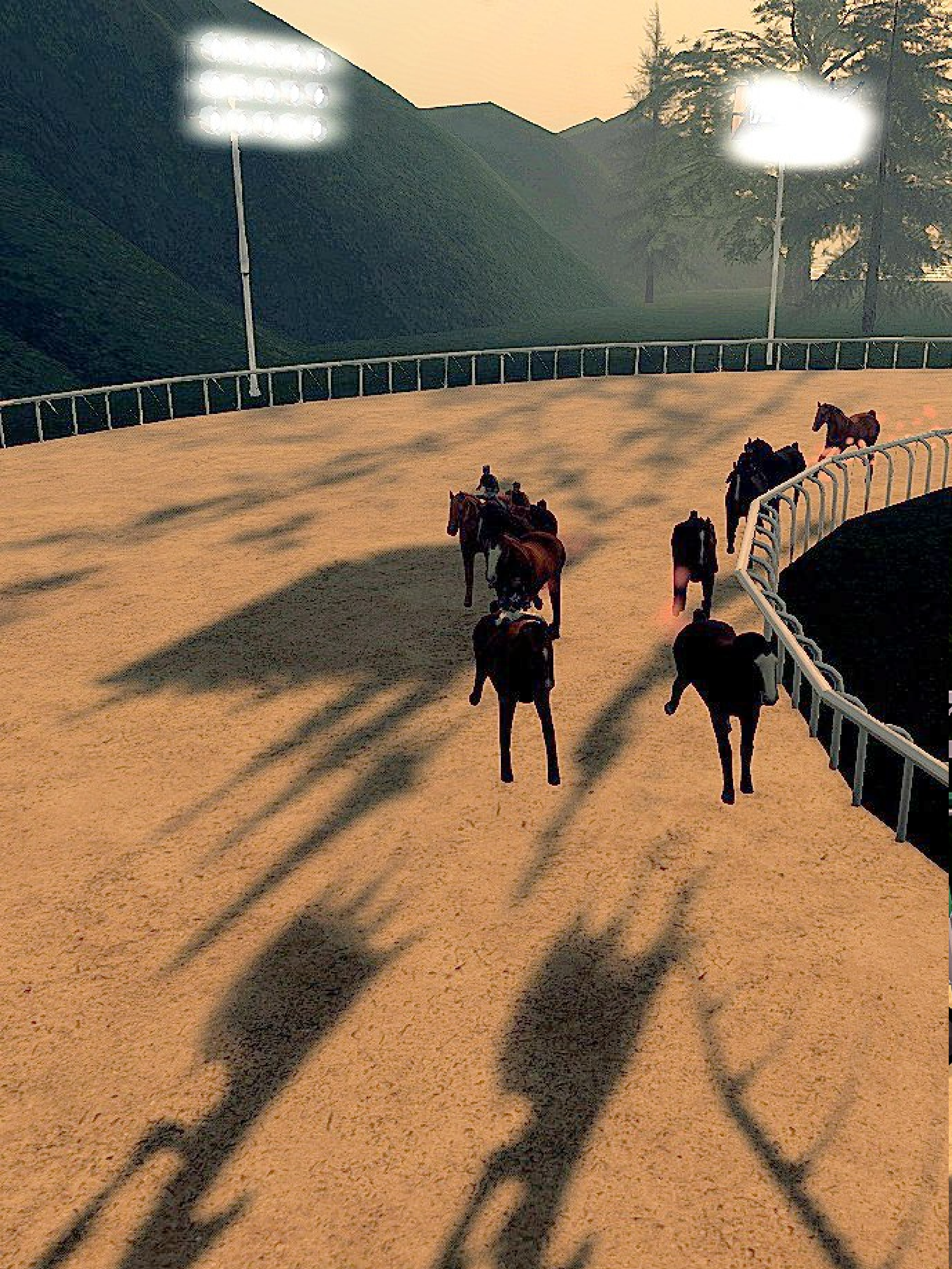


A race is not officially run unless there are at least five horses entered. All horses must be registered at the track where it is running. Jockeys can earn riding fees for Win, Place, or Show which, in the absence of a contract or special agreement with the owner, are as follows: 10% of Win Purse, 5% of Place Purse, and 5% of Show Purse. A jockey's fee is considered earned when the jockey has completed a race and the horse has been entered into “cool-down” status.

Annie Panties became a jockey for another owner. “I met Petra Xaris, another owner, while surfing and I learned she trains horses and eventually wanted to try to jockey. Prior to that, I did see some races and wondered about jockeying.”

Madison is taking a break from racing herself. “I am a jockey as well, but I am in recovery; therefore, it’s not too easy for me to race with the adrenalin





rushes and anxiety. Being a jockey as well helps me help my jockeys in being able to recognize issues they may be having on the track. Most the time, it's practice, practice, practice. I use one jockey mainly. We make a good team, as we like to keep a positive attitude about the races. I have hopes of getting another soon, and then we can even shoot for higher goals."

All jockeys taking part in a race must be scripted in by the Clerk of Scales prior to their race starting at the paddock. A jockey shall be wearing his rid-

ing clothing, boots, and jockey shape. Standards for silks clothing builds are collars, full length sleeves and cuffs, buttons down the shirt and at the top of full length pants. They may be sexy; however, not smutty. Female riders may show some belly skin, limited to just above the avatar's belly button, as well as a slight visible cleavage. Finally prims are OK for clothing, but NO scripts or flexi-prim are allowed.

No scripts can be found on a jockey which can cause lag in the race track and field. Most riders remove all hair

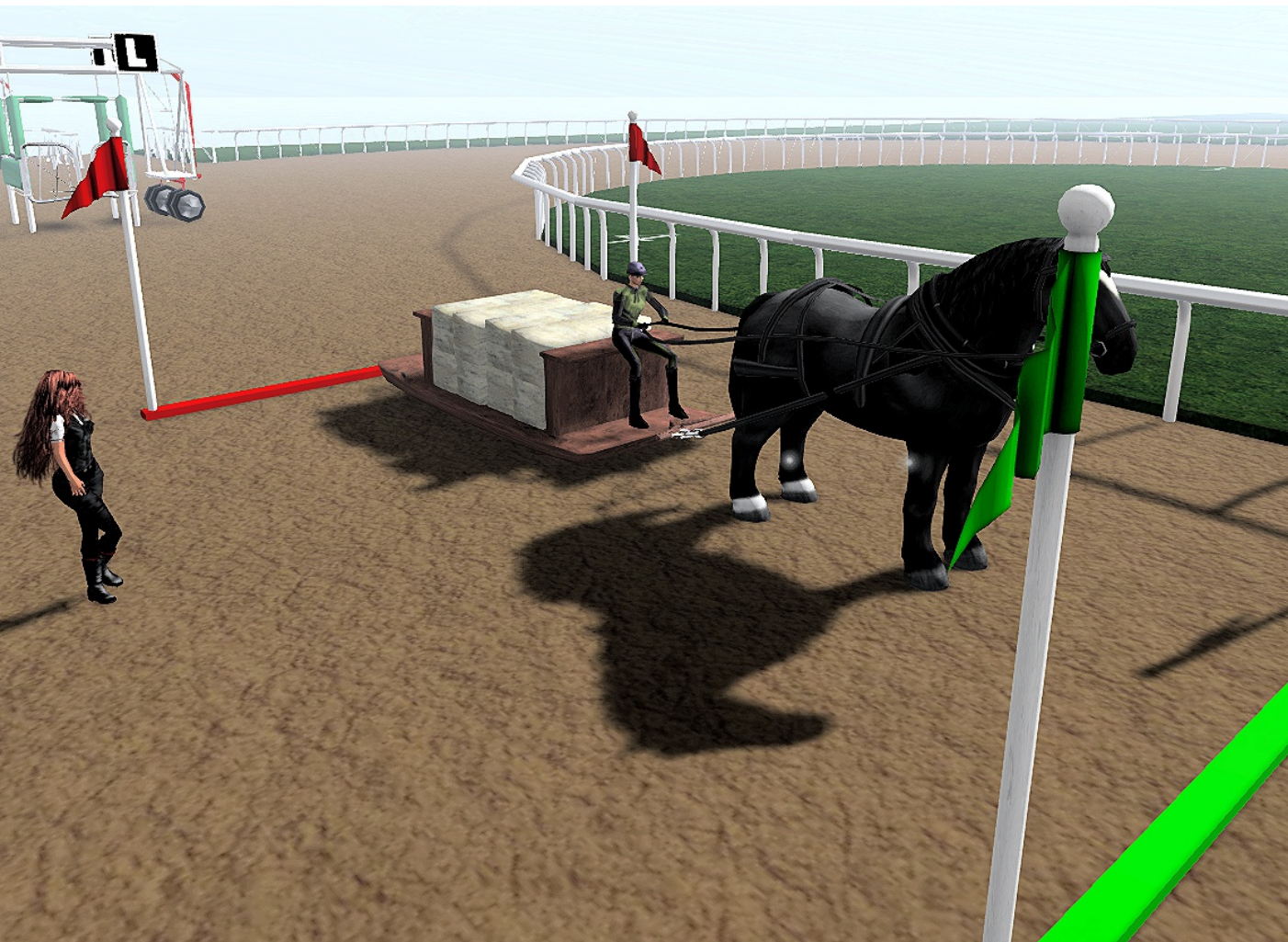


because of the scripts and wear a racing hat. In addition, a jockey must be attired for riding in a race, wearing the registered colors authorized by the owner of the horse they are riding or can be disqualified from racing.

from the race. False starts prior to the gates opening are another reason for a disqualification.

Maintaining control of the race is left to the racing officials. The typical ra-

cing authority of the track provides four officials per event. The Clerk of Scales 1 is the highest ranking authority during the running of an event. The Clerk of Scales 1 is responsible for the conduct of the jockeys and is in control of the gate and tote board operations. The Clerk of Scales 2 conducts all pre-race check-ins at the paddocks prior to the jockeys' arrival at the staging area and



Each horse starting in a race must be qualified for that race, ready to run, in physical condition to exert its best effort, and entered with the intention of winning. The running of the race does not allow for interference with the horse's ability to run by intentionally crossing over in front of the lead horse so as to compel the passing horse to shorten its stride or bumping into another horse causing loss of control. Such actions results in a disqualification which removes a horse and jockey

is made aware of any changes of jockeys. An Associate Judge is expected to be responsive to the highest ranking official at any equestrian event. Finally, the Clerk of Course shall keep a record of all racing entries, and shall receive copies of all race results from the track locations.

Two racing officials monitor the race as it proceeds and are required to agree if a disqualification event occurred. Madison says it's a tough job. "It's not easy to fly above a race and see every

little thing that happens. I believe the RA's in the racing events try their best to do a good job of watching for each race to be run with little or no illegal fractions. We all know it would be impossible to catch every little thing, but they do a great job.”

Any jockey or owner of a horse who has reasonable grounds to believe that his horse was interfered with, impeded or hindered during the running of the race, or that any riding rule was violated by any other jockey or horse during the running of the race, may immediately make a claim of interference or foul with the Clerk of Scales 1 via instant message before the race has been declared official. If a disqualification has been made against a jockey, said jockey is allowed two minutes to inquire and dispute their disqualification with the Clerk of Scales 1 via instant message.

Madison expands the comments of John Galvin. “I fell into racing because I love the sulkies. Once you race a sulky, even for fun, you find that you will feel a peaceful and fun time just running along the track or road with your horse as a team. Next, I love steeplechase racing; it’s a fun race, exciting and fast, and it takes skill to run and jump the hedges around the track - - a good challenge.”

Petra agrees with Madison. “I think



horse racing in SL can be a lot of fun. Some like owning horses and racing them themselves, others hire jockeys. I love sitting in the stands watching races that my horses are in and if one comes around that last turn in the lead ... what a thrill to see that! And sometimes it's just as thrilling to have a horse a little behind suddenly pass another at the last second and take 3rd/Show! It's all great fun really.”

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2115: The F in Elysion

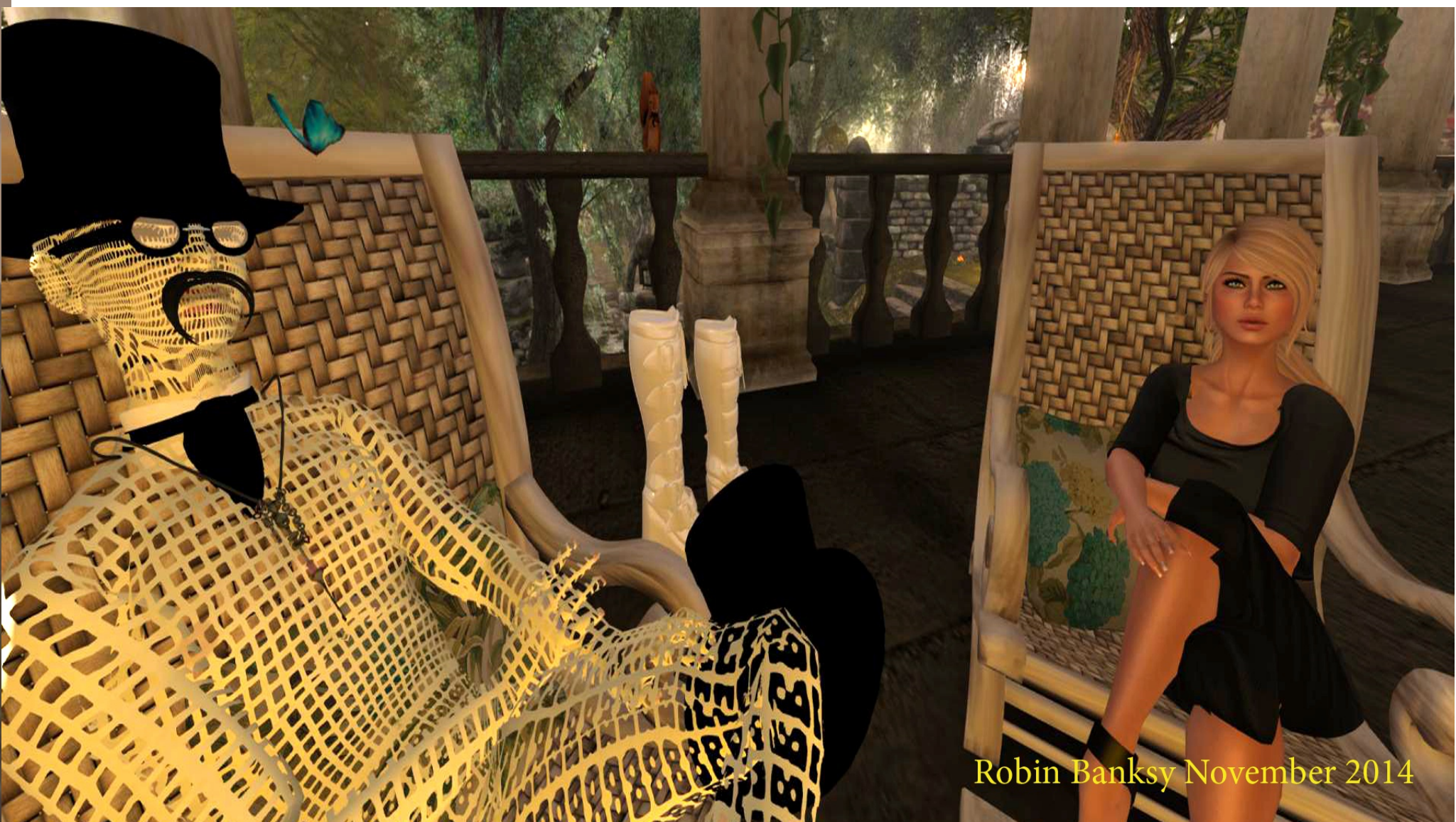
by Art Blue



Perfect 10 (Part One)

I got inspired by a talk, "Imagine Yourself 100 years into the Future," at Baselique Chat Saloon on November, 20, 2014. This was said by Ylva (SoulfulLife Resident): "In 100 years, I see the overall population as becoming extremely withdrawn from each other on a personal and a professional level. Technology will allow us to isolate ourselves more and more in practically every aspect of our lives. I can foresee a time that man and woman will meet and marry in a virtual environment and never meet face to face."

A few days later, I, in disguise as Banksy, met as I was drawing street art at Elysion, The Perfect 10. We had a talk about art, design and the storm of life. I read in her profile words of Christopher Poindexter, so the talk drifted to, let's say, "The Moon." Finally, as it came to say goodbye, she accepted the code of love I offered to inject into her. Then she left, and I destroyed the ampule with the code, as I forgot to program a target in it. I never met her again. At least, as I write only the truth, I don't know it as the future is sealed for me. But a picture will stay in my memory.



Robin Banksy November 2014

Announcement

I was in the middle of an art talk about “The Sun and Moon,” when suddenly The Perfect 10 vanished. We write the year 2115 based on the calendar you use. So 100 years ahead of your time this happens. Why you get to read this in 2015 shall be of no importance. You had one year of time to see, to check, to verify, to counterproof if the stories I write in *rez Magazine* are true or not.

Easy doing to set in the words and phrases you don't want to digest “into Google” to get wide eyes on the facts popping up. So when I state this is a true story out of the future, you have all you need in hand. You have experienced my words, words you may trust. “In Art We Trust,” will become a saying. Some smart readers may say it can be a possible future what I outline as all what we think to happen is about to happen in a parallel universe. The immense mass of data does not make any problem at all. There are stories in old Egypt about counting the grains of sand that old men tell at fireplaces or at the oases. In your days, it became step by step obvious that bits and bytes are more suited to set up fairy tales, to be mixed with facts, to be bundled and re-bundled. Each bit has a place in a storage, huge storages you may say.

When you look at the Open Compute Project of Facebook, where 180,000

servers have been online in the year 2013, each server bigger than your home PC, then just extrapolate this into the future. In fact, these numbers that you calculate are steadily growing do not come close to the numbers of computers that are here in the time I am now writing about. I remember you in the stories of Egypt. Sissa ibn Dahir, also known as Sessa, inventor of the ancient chess, named in these times Chaturanga, was granted a gift by King Shihram. You may know it ended on the last field of chess that a number of 18,446,744,073,709,551,615 corns of rice has to be delivered just by doubling the amount field by field starting with a single corn of rice on the first one. But how the King paid his debt you might not know. He let Sissa ibn Dahir count, corn by corn.

His life was too short to do this. In our time, computers are built by computers, so we can't count them any longer. Even computers fail to tell how many are working, are in production, recycled and refurbished or in some upgrade. It would scare you to get more details, as not all upgrades go well. We write, as said, 2115. Edward Snowden was right to bring it to the surface in your time that everything is scanned and stored. So the only way to face the facts that are daily collected is to SPAM them even more, to mix reality into a cocktail of dust and nonsense. If you want to be free and save, this is what

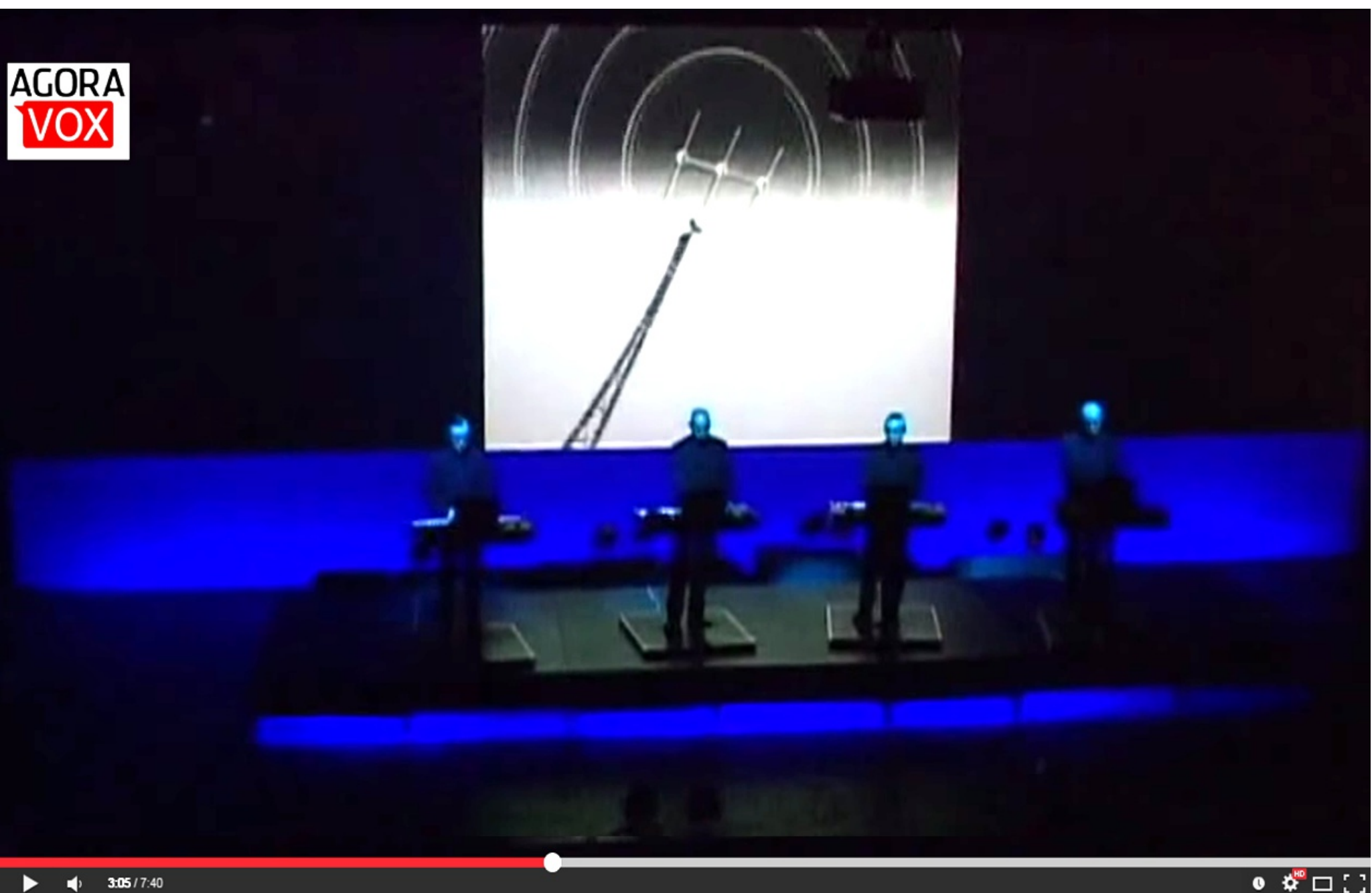
most do now. They SPAM the world. Luckily, there is not only one world in 2115, there are many. So the words “be a worldspammer” is what we say as “goodbye,” or in short baw instead of tc.

You are in a time where you can see it is not crazy at all what I say. Check how many likes you get on postings in Facebook for what type of information you spread. And how many persons invite you daily to like their pages? When you want likes back you know what to do. Each like, each request, generates thousands of bits ... all to store as needed to target the advertisers and become part of the EINSTEIN program.

To separate private bits from non-private ones is just a myth. Even listening to music is not private. You wonder why? *Radioactivity* by Kraftwerk was released in the year 1975, transmitting that radioactivity is in the air by using Morse Code. A cult was born. Now in music, bit sequences are embedded to synchronize a DDoS attack on the servers of US-CERT. Be careful what remix of music you like and share.

RADIOACTIVITY

I-S I-N T-H-E A-I-R F-O-R Y-O-U A-N-D M-E [this Morse Code is in the song]



<http://is.gd/morsecodeinmusic>

There are many obscurities even in your time. In Germany, it is against the law to give more than seven copies of *Kraftwerk* to friends ... copy number eight is a crime. And what is a crime there has to be noted here ... as we are all in one Net. Not a good idea to travel into the wrong country if you have ever shared music. Better not to travel at all in real mode. So let's stay where we are supposed to stay, in this world that I'm writing about. You made a wrong click, a wrong like? All you can do then to unlike the wrong click is to SPAM the world with more clicks to dilute what you have done. To make it "undone" is impossible. In our time, we say freedom and safety means others talk about you, but what they say is irrelevant. Bits and bytes carry your UUID. So there are backups and backups of backups. You move up in the rankings of the servers. Hey, you hear Andy Warhol in me! He was the first to SPAM the art of SPAM. Become your own Andy Warhol! Sorry for the readers of my stories in *rez Magazine* last year. I copy his words much too often: "In the future, everyone will be world-famous for 15 minutes."

A word that fits well to the American way of life you may say as a reader outside the States. My thoughts drift back to my travel from Europe to New York to hear Kraftwerk live at the retrospective at MoMa, New York on April, 12, 2012. Back in Berlin, I like to SPAM the

world with this great song, but I know just seven copies I may forward. But there is hope for me and you, my old traveller. There is the analog gap in the German law! Just record the digital ones back via your loudspeakers so the bits get analog and record them back digital and you passed the test. If you do this via a bunch of bots someone close to you created in the Kingdom of Tonga, protected by King George Tupou V, you may get famous the Andy Warhol way and it could be legal. Maybe you can spread a word of a long missed old live recording as you put it through Goldwave effects and others will make your faked story to a runner. I am not a lawyer so I don't recommend any of my crazy ideas. You see the message of course as you are smart. Each country has a gap where you may jump in to become Andy Warhol in your time via the Net. Much better than running naked in the streets like Friedrich Stowasser did in his youth to gain attention in Vienna and to boost his career as Friedensreich Hundertwasser.

You may ask what happens when one does misbehave in the future? In the year 2115 we have many options. One is to create a new world and put the inhabitants in by force in a world simulator as shown in the episode, *Ship in a Bottle* in *Star Trek: Next Generation* [1993]. You feel sorry about Countess Regina Bartholomew who had to stay

with Prof. Moriarty in a bottle? Don't do so. In 100 years, things will be different. Captain Picard was right in saying that the crew's reality may actually be a fabrication generated by "a little device sitting on someone's table."

Maybe on my way to becoming a famous writer I'll tell you more, but for today this is all you get. To be an early bird, to get *rez Magazine* fresh off the press, might be the key to your success, to be the First in 2115 on Mars. Why on Mars? Yeah, the Moon is taken as you will see very soon.

now for the vanishing of The Perfect 10. I am sorry you have to wait a little bit longer. This chapter was just the announcement.

The Sun and the Moon

First, I have to say why it came that I spoke about *The Sun and Moon*. In your time, art was made with prims. The sun and moon is prim art, old archaic art we say in our time, an Artefact you may say. Not many of them made it to be kept in the future. This work by Nexuno Thespian made it to

**“We all want so badly to divorce reality,
but that bitch just won't sign the papers.”**
- Christopher Poindexter,
Remington Typewriter Poetry

I know many of you read *rez Magazine* inside the Metaverse as an Avatar, some read it in a train towards the daily work or on the way home on a smartphone or on the web when waiting at the labour office to get a job, counting the time until they dive in again to a world where I am, a world similar, not as advanced as mine, but for you it is heaven. A world where some nasty things like doing the dishes or cleaning your home or paying your bills can be left behind. So you wait

get conserved, so I was showing it in Elysion. I was giving some flowery words on the colors, the semi-transparency, on the composition, the interaction between the sun and the moon, on the arrangement in the Volcano of Art that is still running in opensim worlds. I gave credit to the artist, the maker. I showed an old announcement of an LEA project happening in the first quarter of the year 2015 about the First Lady on the Moon, Jami Mills.



The Dream Machine

The First Lady on the Moon holds the art of Nexuno Thespian, *The Sun and Moon*, in hand as one of her dreams.

*”There was a reason
she was so romantic about the moon.
It never asked her questions or begged
for the answers,
nor did she have to prove herself to it.
It was always just there,
breathing, shining,
and in ways most humans can't under-
stand: listening.”*

Location: Elysion, brought to the world by Syn Beresford.

I asked if anyone knew the author and of course many hands, most of them by fine ladies, went up and they smiled on compliments I made so I could easily go on. I said, “The next poem was included in the very first presentation of *The Sun and Moon* by Nexuno Thespian in a world known as Second Life in the year 2013,” and I read it loud:

*You are sunlight and I moon
Joined by the gods of fortune
Midnight and high noon
Sharing the sky
We have been blessed, you and I.*

Suddenly, the skeleton was bouncing on a wall --- more in a wall as on a wall. You know in your time the collision algorithm was not the best in Digital worlds.

*“She writes things with her movements that I
for the life of me could never write with a pen.”
-Christopher Poindexter,
Remington Typewriter Poetry*

In the middle of the poem, at Sharing the sky, it happened. The Perfect 10 lost skin. I was speechless. I thought time will heal it, a buffer refresh, something that will go away on its own, but it did not. The Perfect 10 screamed. All the retired ones were in a state of shock. All eyes on me. I looked at the poem. The maker of The Sun and Moon, an Italian, adores Dante. Was Dante Alighieri behind? The Seven Sins came up in my mind, not only in mine. An old Avatar said: “Chapter” and he spoke it a way that gave everyone chills “Chap-Ter.” Yes, this is the maker’s name, ChapTer Kronfeld. I laughed last time at his work, “The Pride.” I presented it in the weekly art talk: A bony skeleton, a sinner, moving around in circles repeating words in a never-ending mantra to wash off the “The Pride” that is in many of us, and specifically, in artists ... in me ... I have to admit.

[The 7 sin was mentioned in *rez* April 2014; more about this artist at <http://is.gd/chapterk>].

I knew the laughing would struck back on me if I didn’t find instantly a solution for The Perfect 10. Without The Perfect 10, the attractiveness of Elysion, the superior home of the elderly, will poof in minutes. I recalled the slogan in my mind, “Because TOUCHING is BETTER than Looking,” once posted to attract rich guys around the world to join the Elysion where I just gave my weekly art talk. The owners of *rez* have been far ahead in time to set up a foundation for the elderly, made a contract with the Elysion board. Elysion made it to one of the most expensive homes in our times, and the Elysion was, until today, one of the safest.

I knew The Perfect 10 was on a, if you

don't dare that I speak bluntly now, on a dating list. The words in her profile tab show that she was longing for the best, for the ultimate and she had the hots, sorry I shall be more polite, she burned in desire for the right one, metaphorically spoken, of course, as it is a quote from Christopher Poindexter, but not many may know this. Only as an artist or as a well-educated person you pass the test. You say, what a Goof, just Google the phrase and you get it. You are right, but you have to do it before you open your mouth and say "Hey babe."

Everyone might read the words now:

His eyes were like clocks that stopped spinning

the moment she looked into them.

The universe halted.

All things began to breathe each other's stillness.

To her: it was a simple, blue, eternity

For The Perfect 10, all that was left of her were the attachments, shoes and hair and a belt. The profile I mentioned in her tab showed a picture how she looked just seconds ago. Simple, blue, eternity. Words written for me.

Her value according to a 10 --- out-



standing with shape 10 and skin 10. Without a skin, you can't see the shape! So it was of little importance whether shape and skin, or just the skin, were gone. The shape might have still been on her as I did not notice that she got ruthed. Was her skin stolen by someone not paying the contact fee? Was he even a dater? A successful dater?

The Prefect 10 went into tears. "My husband, my husband. I was about to marry and now I am hollow." I gasped. "You never told me that you've met a person you like." It slipped out of my mind and I went pale on the second thought. She might be no longer a virgin. That's just to explain why I made myself look like a fool as I said, "I had hopes." Then The Perfect 10 said, "You

are sooo stupid, Art. It has been you to marry me. Your Alt, the Banksy you created, Robin Banksy.”

Believe me, whenever a man is speechless, then it is this moment in life. I was. I looked around. No Neruval. I gave him the day off. What could happen in an art talk in a home of the elderly? Just all retired authors of *rez Magazine* enjoying their grant, having an easy life. Each week, an art talk, a

to wait until The Perfect 10 was back rezed, looking great as always. And I rezed my stupid Banksy, looking hollow the same way as on the day I injected her with the code. It was the day we met first in Elysion not knowing that in 100 years she will be The Perfect 10. This was 100 years before now. You don't need to believe Part Two of this story, and I will not offer proof as well. So take it with the words of my favourite philosopher, Miss FD, singer and

“I can feel her breathe through the holes in me.”
-Christopher Poindexter,
Remington Typewriter Poetry

talk looking back unfolding old memories. Why shall I need my AI, my Artificial Intelligence backup? No trouble to be expected. And now this.

“Harry Hacker,” I heard a whispering from a voice I know. Friday Blaisdale, senior editor of rez in your time. I nodded to her. I need to call him. There must be a strange happening in the code somewhere and Harry Hacker is the best to get it right --- and fast.

Some hours later, we could laugh about what happened. It's not fully true what I say. It did not take hours, but it sounds much better than to say “in minutes.” For me, it was like an eternity

performer of The Void: “Shift+Delete: Sometimes I just want to erase my everything.” But in case you find her, ask her. I am sure she will tell no lies and you will not press these buttons, you will teleport to Elysion.

As now all the tension is gone from you, dear reader. You may forgive me to let you wait one month to tell what has happened. You know it will be a happy end. So make yourself comfortable for the facts that follow in the next issue of *rez*.

• r — e — z •



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rez

Fabulous Monsters

Bloody words and bloody lies
Fill the world with screams and sighs
And cold enough to act surprised
If anyone has tears
Simply business on the blade
Lock and load and ready made
Justify the whole charade
By drowning us in fears

When pure emotion takes events
From promises and providence
And logic offers no defense
To save us from ourselves
And words of Must and Shall will fly
And buries every whispered Why
Just one more war, then no one has to die
Fabulous monsters never lie

Such an unforgiving game
Friends are enemies the same
Thinking we can change a name
And change this thing we need
Everything is black and white
Cut and dry and death or life
Truth is such a fickle knife
And anyone can bleed



by Zymony Guyot

When sticks and carrots take the place
Of running in the human race
And desperate anger makes its case
Of fending for ourselves
When words of All and None are cheap
Emotions dangerous and deep
Another windmill burning on the heap
Fabulous monsters never sleep

Surrounded by the constant cry
Of Us and Them and Do or Die
And only traitors wonder why
We're hiding from ourselves
The Willing are so far and few
The truth, another bridge to burn
Just one more war, then peace can have its turn
Fabulous monsters never learn
Fabulous monsters never learn

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